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VOL. IX.

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1893.

NO. 49.

Awarded Highest Honors--World's Fair.

PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder. The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder--No Ammonia; No Alum. Used in Millions of Homes--40 Years the Standard.

MODEL CLOTHING HOUSE

Great Clearing Sale! FOR CASH ONLY.

\$20,000 Worth of Goods.

Such as Clothing for Men, Boys and Children, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes.

Will be Sold at ACTUAL COST!

Nothing will be reserved in this sale. Everything goes AT COST FOR CASH ONLY. Now is your time to buy goods according to the times.

Model: Clothing: House, Max Einstein, Proprietor.

North Platte National Bank, NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

Paid up Capital, \$75,000.

Directors: O. M. CARTER, D. W. BAKER, C. F. IDDINGS, M. O. ORNSTEIN, A. F. STREITZ, H. OTTES, A. D. BUCKWORTH.

All business entrusted to us handled promptly, carefully, and at lowest rates.

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LUMBER,

COAL,

AND GRAIN.

Order by telephone from Newton's Book Store.

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NORTH PLATTE PHARMACY,

[Successor to J. Q. Thacker.]

NORTH PLATTE, - NEBRASKA.

WE AIM TO HANDLE THE BEST GRADE OF GOODS,

SELL THEM AT REASONABLE PRICES, AND WARRANT

EVERYTHING AS REPRESENTED.

Orders from the country and along the line of the Union Pacific Railway Solicited.

F. J. BROEKER,

Merchant Tailor,

CLEANER AND REPAIRER

LARGE STOCK OF PIECE GOODS,

embracing all the new designs, kept on hand and made to order.

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE

Spruce Street, between Fifth and Sixth.

THE CASINO BILLIARD HALL,

J. E. GRACE, Proprietor.

SUPERIOR BILLIARD and POOL TABLES.

Bar Stocked with the Finest of Liquors.

A QUIET AND ORDERLY RESORT

Where gentlemen will receive courteous treatment at all times and where they will always be welcome. Our billiard and pool hall is not surpassed in the city and lovers of these games can be accommodated at all times.

THE CASINO, - - NEVILLE BLOCK.

A Transferred Identity.

By EDITH SESSONS TUPPER.

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CHAPTER XIX.

CELEBRATION.

I ran down the path, through the gate, never even stopped till I was under the wide spreading shade of the moss laden trees. The mist wrapped me about; the rain beat against my face. After in the distance I heard the muffled bay of the bloodhounds and the shouts of the pursuers. I did not realize my danger, never thinking that one false step might plunge me into the morass, from which it would be almost impossible to extricate myself, but stumbled on, hoping to come up with the others. But their voices receded farther and farther. I called, but received no answer. Blindly I struggled on, groping and feeling my way, until at last the appalling truth burst upon me that I was lost in that awful place!

I stopped and reflected upon the gravity of the situation. It was nearly night, and there was a dense fog shutting me in. Portia and the servants at the house would believe me to be with Colonel Marchmont, and of course the latter and Maurice, if they gave me a thought, supposed I was with Portia. If the fog did not lift, or if I could not summon relief by calling, I should be forced perhaps to spend the night in the swamp.

I dared not move. I put out my hand and caught at the branch of a tree. Faintly through the fog I could discern bits of the ugly morass stretching everywhere about me. The only thing for me to do was to stand still and cry aloud for help.

This I did again and again, but there was no response. At length, frightened and unmoved, I leaned against the tree near which I stood and burst into tears. "What shall I do?" I moaned aloud. "What shall I do? Must I spend the night in this fearful place?"

Did my senses deceive me? Had I gone mad, or did there come from out the thick fog close by a burst of laughter, shrill, harsh and mocking.

My heart stood still as I listened. Yes, there was no deception. Again that taunting, wicked laughter. "Who--what is it?" I stammered, and my tongue was thick and my lips parched as if faintly articulated words.

"It is I," answered a voice through the drifting fog, "it is your old friend Portia--or rather Sidonie."

"Sidonie!" I cried, "where are you?" "Not far away," came the taunting voice, "but I shall soon be much farther."

"Oh, Sidonie," I implored, "come to me. Let me take you home. I have good news for you. Portia has forgiven you everything and sent me here to plead with her on your behalf. Come, let me lead you out of this swamp. Lead me out, I beg, and I will hasten with my message to Colonel Marchmont."

Again that burst of fenshish laughter. "Come to you--take your hand--lead you out!" came the voice; "impossible, you poor little girl, you cannot lead me out of this swamp. I am going on another errand."

"Oh, do not leave me, Sidonie," I implored. "Do not leave me here in this desolate place alone."

"I must"--How strange her voice! Was it dying away? "Come back; come back!" I cried in terror.

"I cannot--I cannot--good-by--good-by!"

Scream after scream broke from my lips as I realized that she was leaving me. I was well nigh faint with fright. Just then the fog parted like a curtain before me, and there in the black morass at my feet I saw a white upturned face, which seemed to shine defiantly at me as it slowly sank from my sight in the ooze and horrible slime.

Then, as if clutched from beneath, the long black hair outstretched upon the filthy water was dragged down.

One slim, white hand remained an instant, fluttering like a broken winged bird. Then it was gone!

CHAPTER XX.

LOVE.

When they found me lying against the tree staring like a dead woman at the fatal spot where a life had been obliterated, they lifted me tenderly and carried me like a child back to the house and my room.

I did not weep. I did not faint nor grow hysterical, but I was like stone. I seemed to have no sensation or volition. Over and over I saw that fearful sight. Over and over I heard that burst of mocking laughter.

The climax to the nervous strain under which I had been for weeks nearly dethroned my reason. "What saved me? Love. I was lying on the broad couch before the open fire in the library staring in the glowing coals, did you know, that hideous picture, when the door gently opened and Maurice entered. He bent over me and said gently: "Door little brave fighter! You had to succumb at last, didn't you? Courageous little Bunker Hill! When I consider the fortitude you have displayed for weeks, I am filled with admiration. To think of all the horrors you have endured to be capped by that fearful experience in the swamp--well, well, he paused as if unable to proceed.

occasionally give a kind little smile so a fussy old fellow like me?" I smiled faintly. "That's right. Like to see you smile, Prudence. It lights up your plain, severe little face and makes you beautiful in my sight."

"Beautiful!" I said contemptuously. "Yes, beautiful!" he retorted. "Not with the classic beauty of Portia's face nor the diabolical witchery of that poor creature whose beauty was her ruin, but the beauty of goodness, kindness, loyalty and bravery--the beauty of holiness, little woman. Prudence, gently lifting me in his arms and kissing me tenderly on the eyes, 'do you know those clear, beautiful eyes looked down at me deep in my heart? I love you. Will you be my wife?'"

It is said joy never kills.



"Will you be my wife?" The words I had longed to hear were balm to my sick and tired heart. I wept, and the tears did not dry.

When Colonel Marchmont unexpectedly entered the room a few minutes later, he paused confusedly, murmured an apology and turned to go, when Maurice drew me to my feet, and leading me up to our host said in tones of much surprise: "I have never dreamed that she could come into my colorless existence. And yet my heart was as young and fresh as a girl's and responded to a look from a tiny flower extends its cup for a drop of dew."

Love and happiness were mine at last. Heaven was in my hands.

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